

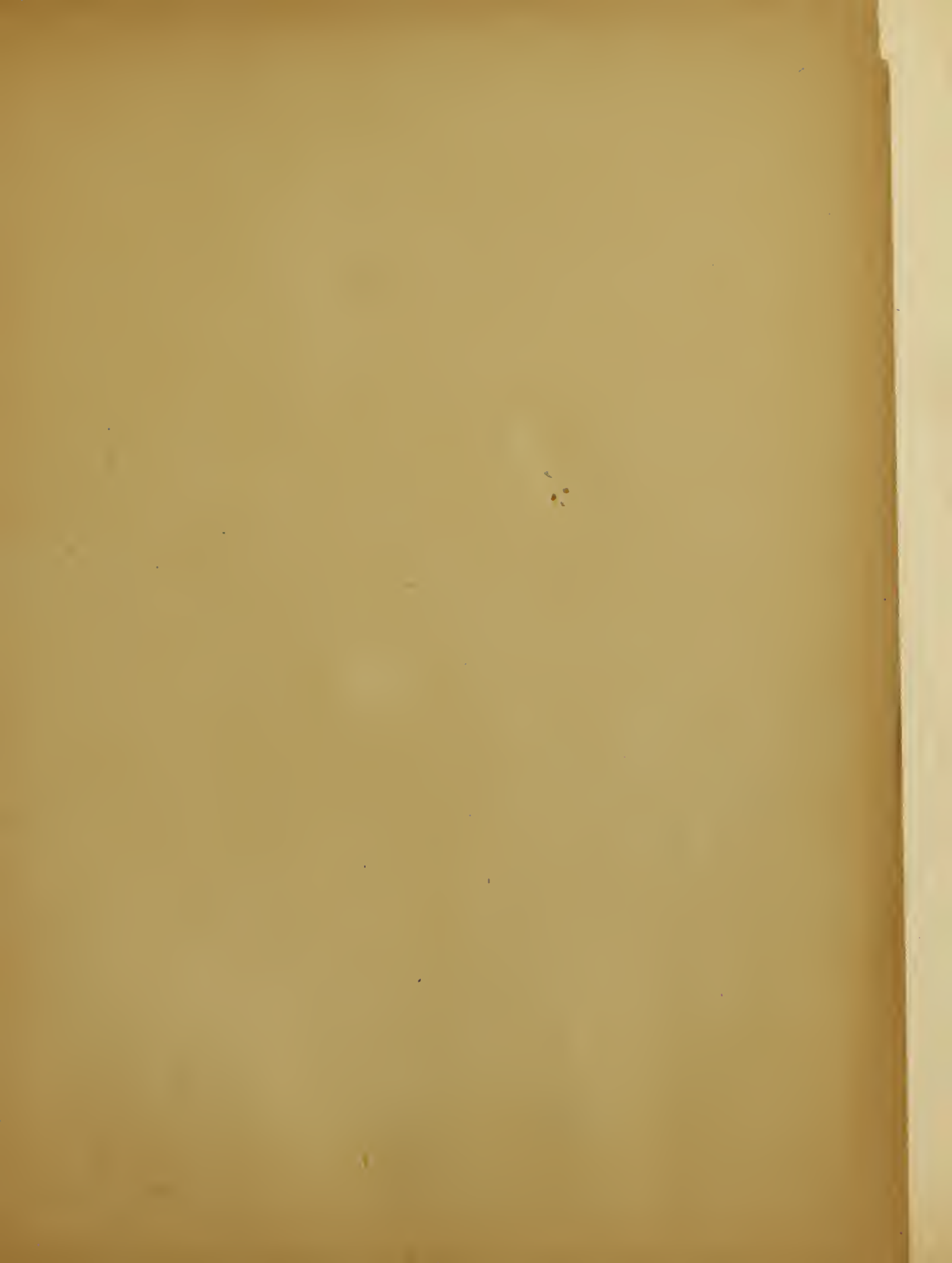
DITTYPAT

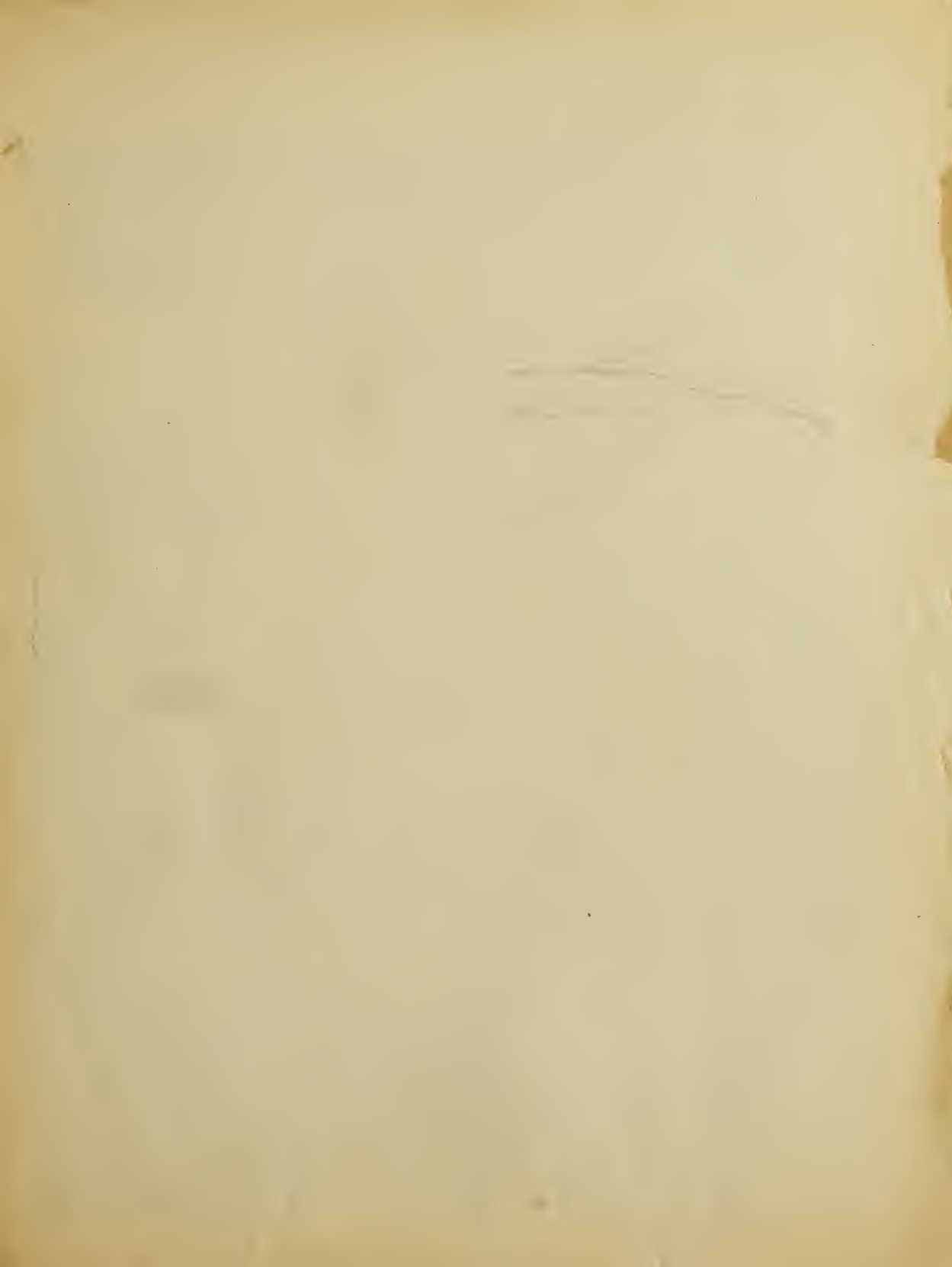
AND



TIPPYTOE

with Mrs. G. Jones







PLAYING KITTY.

PITTYPAT



AND

TIPPYTOE

AND OTHER

By EUGENE FIELD

STORIES AND JINGLES

FOR

LITTLE LADS AND LASSIES



BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.



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PUBLISHERS' UNION

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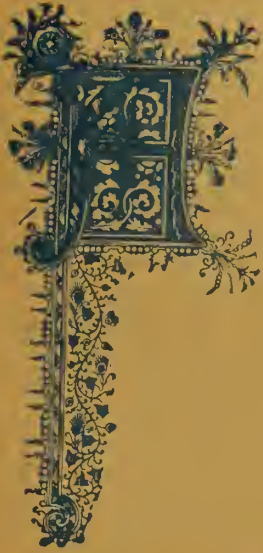


CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOURS

He's that old fellow in front of Miss Yellow,
With his mouth full—running away.



The boldest feeds from Alice's hand,
As she sits on the porch at rest;
While down in the shade is the little maid.
With the chicken she loves the best.



CAT and a rat, a rat and a cat;

Only one more jump, gray Kitty.

See that hole in the floor by the open door?

Just missed him—what a pity!

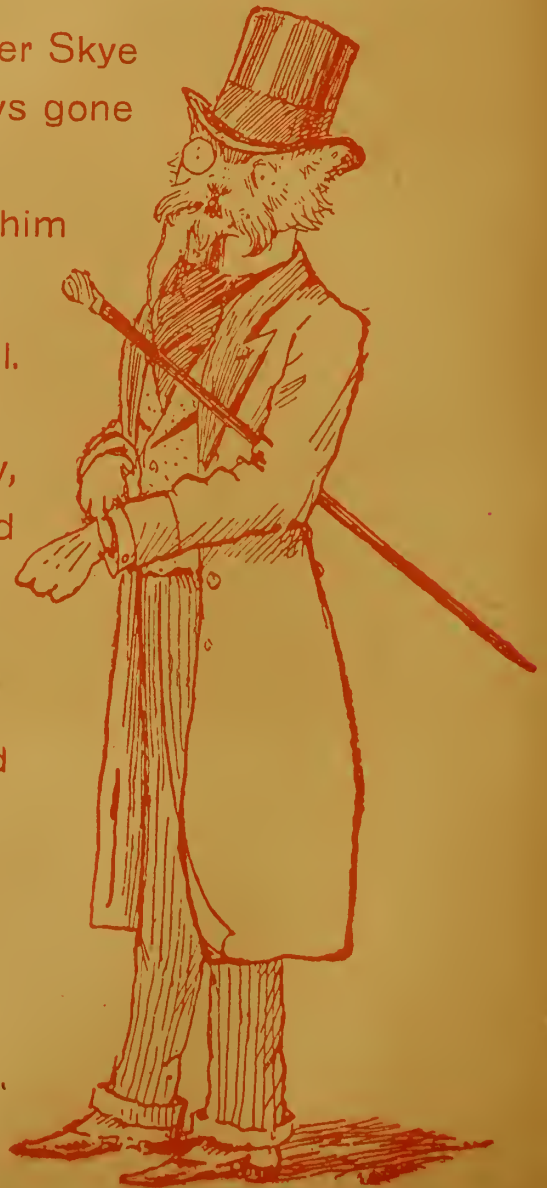




CAPTAIN Fido, Terrier Skye
Wears an eyeglass in his eye,
Pair of gloves and fine cravat,
Walking stick and new silk hat

Captain Fido Terrier Skye
Was a soldier, days gone
by;
Everybody knows him
well—
He's a military swell.

You can see him every day,
Stiff and martial, stern and
gray,
As he strolls across the
Park
To his club, the "Bone and
Bark."





TWO Chickies were out one day taking the
air.

Said One "well I never!" said Two
"I declare,"

For there from his egg-shell peeped Chick
number Three,

His beak and two bright eyes were all they
could see:

"Peep, peep," said the Chick "please excuse me this
morn,

If I talk very little—I'm only just born!"



An Egg-shell-cut
Nation



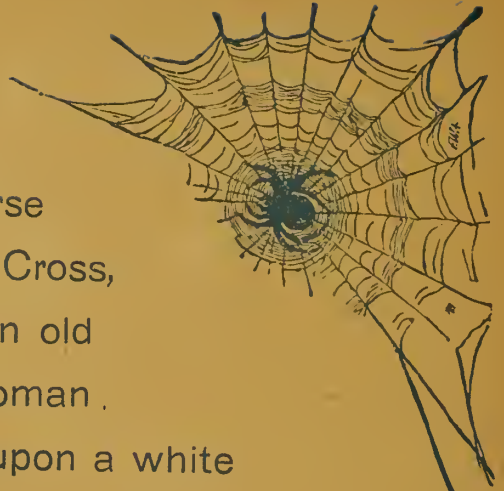
RIDE a Cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see an old
woman .

Ride upon a white
horse;

Rings on her fingers
And bells on her
toes,

She shall have
music

Wherever she
goes.





Sometimes there are griefs to soothe,
Sometimes ruffled brows to smooth;
For (I much regret to say)

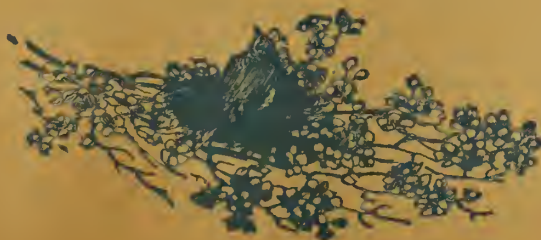
Tippytoe and Pittypat

Sometimes interrupt their play
With an internecine spat,
Fie, for shame, to quarrel so—
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

Oh, the thousand worrying things
Every day recurrent brings!
Hands to scrub and hair to brush,
Search for playthings gone amiss,
Many a wee complaint to hush,
Many a little bump to kiss;
Life seems one vain fleeting show
To Pittypat and Tippytoe!



EUGENE FIELD.



Pittypat and Tippytoe.



ALL day long they come and go—
Pittypat and Tippytoe;
Footprints up and down the hall,
Playthings scattered on the floor,
Fingermarks along the wall,
Tell-tale smudges on the door—
By these presents you shall know
Pittypat and Tippytoe.

How they riot at their play!
And a dozen times a day
In they troop, demanding bread—
Only buttered bread will do,
And that butter must be spread
Inches thick with sugar, too!
And I never can say, "No,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!"





Then Chick number One said to Chick
number Two,

“It’s certainly plain, there’s but one thing to do;
He’ll catch cold if he stays out here
long, I’m afraid”—

So with two bits of stick a Sedan Chair
they made.

One, Two, Three and away,
and without any harm
They carried that little Chick
home to the Farm.





GRANDMOTHER AND I.



RANDMA told me all about it,
Told me so I couldn't doubt it;
How she danced—my grandma danced—
Long ago.

How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes—
Smiling little human rose!—
Long ago.

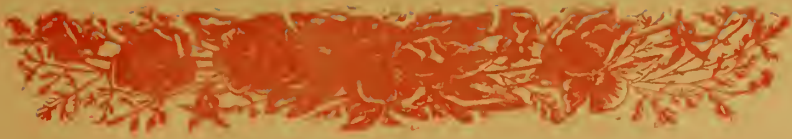
Grandma's hair was bright and sunny,
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!
.... Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.

Bless her! why she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.





CURIOSITY.



OMCATSKI'S the place

For ribbons and lace,

And gloves that are handsome and
gay;

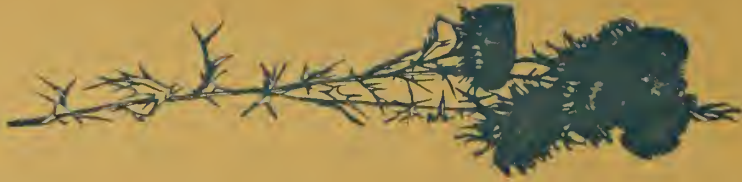
"We have very fine mittens

For ladylike kittens,

And this is our bargain day."



W. Fisher



HERE'S Madam Black, and Madam White,
And Madam Brown, as well,
With old Sir Dorking, who's been out
walking
With Speckle, the farm-yard belle.

Here's Chicken Little, old Hen Pen,
And Lord Chanticleer, so gay—





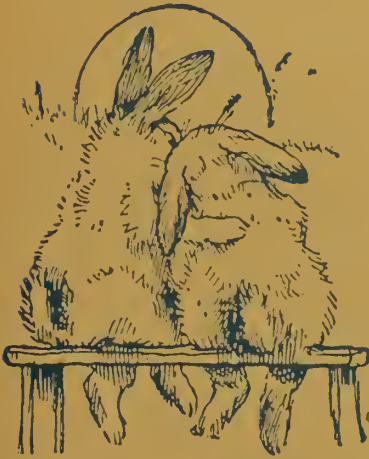
OUNG Whiskers

And pretty Miss Bunnikin Sweet,
Are admiring the view
To be seen from this seat;

And the view is so fine,
And the seat is so small,
He's put his arm round her
For fear she might fall.



But Bunnikin's Mistress
Approaches the pair,
And is too shocked for utterance
At what she sees there;



In less than a minute
She picks up her pet,
And leaves Young

Mr. Whiskers

To scold and to fret.

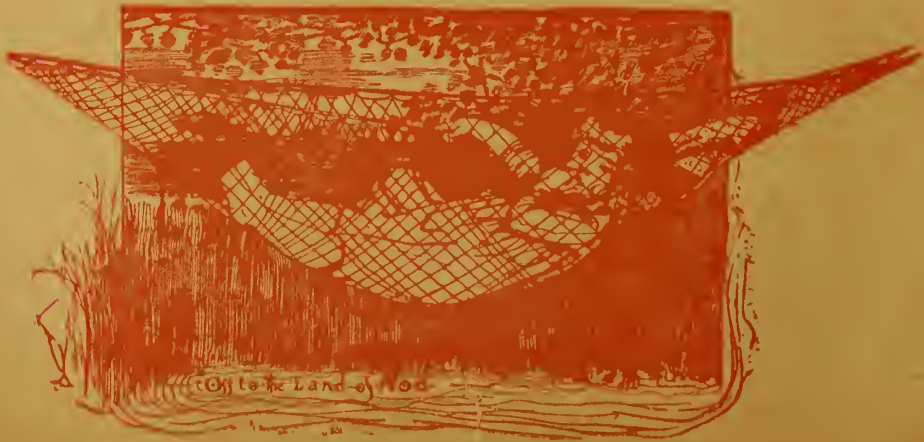




FUNNY old fellow, so I've heard say,
Comes along at the close of day,
With a shadowy cloak about him flung,
And a big, big bag on his shoulders hung.

O, you with gray eyes, or brown eyes, or blue,
What do you think he comes to do?
Why to sprinkle sand on your eyelids white,
Whenever it's time to say good-night.

Till the little eyes so heavy grow,
That they droop and close tight, if you must
know;
So with his mantle wrapped around you fast,
He carries you off to dream-land at last.



A



A was an Archer
Who shot at a frog



Little Boy Blue come blow up your horn
The sheeps in the meadow the cows in the corn
Wheres the little boy that looks after the sheep?
He is under the hay cock fast asleep



Curly Locks? Curly Locks?
Wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes
Nor yet feed the swine
But sit on a cushion
And sew a fine seam
And feed upon strawberries
Sugar and cream.



Ding-dong-bell. Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in? Little Tommy Lin
Who pulled her out? Little Tommy Trout
What a naughty boy was that
To drown poor Pussy-cat



E. is an Egg
 In a basket with more
 Which Peggy will sell
 For a shilling a score



A Frog he would
 a wooing go
 Whether his mother
 would let him or no



But as froggy was crossing over a brook
 A lily white duck came and gobbled him up
 With a Rowley Powley Gammon and Spinach
 Heigho says Anthony Rowley

Little Tom Tucker sings for his supper
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.

How
How

shall he cut it
without e'er a
knife?
Will he marry
without e'er a
wife?



M

Mary Mary quite contrary
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells and cockle shells,
And pretty maids all of a row.



Naney Petticoat
 In a white petticoat
 And a red nose
 The longer she stands
 The shorter she grows

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
 To get her poor dog a bone
 But when she got there the cupboard was bare
 And so the poor dog had none!



The dame made a curtsy the dog made a bow
 The dame said "Your servant" the dog said "Bow-wow"



Pat-a-cake, Pat-a-cake
 Baker's man,
 Bake-me-a-cake
 As fast as you can

Pat it & prick it
 & mark it
 with T,
 And put in
 the oven
 For Tommy & me



The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts
 All on a summer's day
 The Knave of Hearts he stole those tarts
 And with them ran away

R

Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross
To see a fair lady on a white horse
With rings on her fingers & bells on her toes
And she shall have music wherever she goes.



S

Sing a song of sixpence a pocket full of rye
Four & twenty blackbirds baked in a pie
When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing
Wasn't that a pretty dish to set before a king?



Tom · Tom
the · piper's · son

Stole · a · pig · /
and · away · he · run
The · pig · was · eat & Tom · was · beat
And · Tom · ran · crying · down
the · street ·



The · Unicorn · and · Lion
were · fighting · for · the · Crown ·
The · Lion · beat · the · Unicorn · all · round · about · the · town ·
Some · gave · them · white · bread · Some · gave · them · brown ·
Some · gave · them · plum · cake · and · sent · them · out · of · town ·

V



When V and I
together meet
They make the
number six
complete.



When I with V doth meet once more
Then tis they two can make but Four

And when
that V from I
is gone
Alas! poor I can
make but One



Where are you going to my pretty maid?
"I'm going a milking kind Sir" she said

X



for Ten a good fat hen

Young Lambs to sell Young Lambs
to sell.
If I'd as much money as I could tell
I ne'er would cry Young Lambs to sell.



Z was a zany
Who was a great fool





PLEASE will you come out—I want to
walk in.

I live in this house—not you!

You've a house of your own, and I

think 'tis a sin

To hiss at me as you do.



Julia



WO little girls—
A five o'clock tea—
Everything merry,
As merry can be.



Two tearful maidens;
Hearts full of woe.
Which of them did it?
I really don't know.



WHAT can I serve you with?
Sugar or spice?
Our tea, Ma'am, is thought to be
Fragrant and nice.

Not tea and not coffee?
All bones, Ma'am, you say!
No, they sell those at Brisket's,
Just over the way.



HE was a chick and he was a fish,
And he took her out to ride;
But she hated the waves with their swirl
and swish,
And she clung to his neck and cried—
“I'm frightened dear
fish, and I almost
wish
You'd let me
ride inside.”





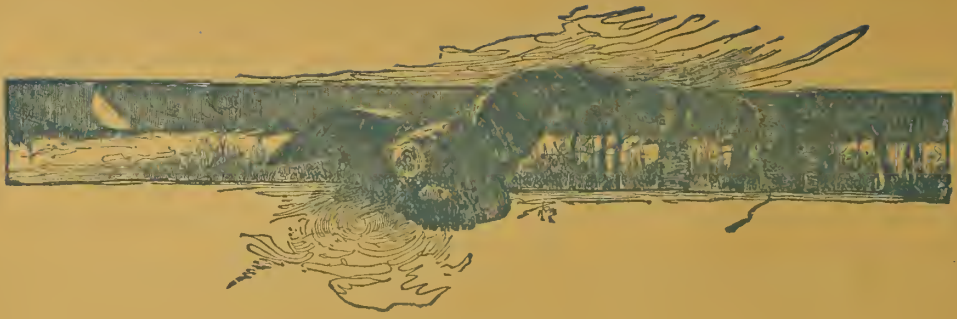
THE NEW ARRIVAL



WHEN Tommy Purr came back to school,
he gave a lovely spread,
There'd never been so fine a feast, so
every scholar said.
They'd jugs of cream, and bags of
sweets, and pots of home-made jam,



M. Foster.



A currant cake, some biscuits, and
some candy and some ham!
And some were sitting on their beds,
and others on the floor,
When in the middle Whiskers heard a step

outside the door!

“The Teacher’s coming!”

—into bed you should
have seen them
scamper.

’Twas a false alarm,
thats all,

Just a mouse inside
the wall;

But they finished up that spread,
Every Puss tucked up in bed;

Then gave a quiet hip-hooray for Tommy and
his hamper!





WHEN Lazy Sam went to market,
He tried on old Neddy to ride;
If he'd gone on two legs,
He'd have saved all his eggs
And brought home his money be-
side.





A JAPANESE GIRL AND HER DOLL



SUPPOSE my hair looks funny
To little girls like you;
Perhaps my dolly, too, looks funny—
Her name is Chin-ka-Chu.

Won't you come, some day, to see me?
It's an easy thing to do.
You'll like my "tea-chest" dolly,
If her name is Chin-ka-Chu.





GOOSE, an owl and a little brown hen
Were taking a walk one day,
When they met a brown bear, who had
not combed his hair,
And a mule who was hauling a dray.

“Oh, kind Mr. Mule! Oh, good Mr. Mule!
Oh, nice Mr. Mule!” cried the hen,
“We’re so glad to have met you, we’ll
never forget you;
Will you take us to see Mrs. Wren?”



Then said Mr. Bear, “It would scarcely
be fair



To take my best carriage away,
For I really must go to the fair, don’t you
know,
And I haven’t a moment to stay.”



So the hen and the goose and the owl
turned around
And made Bruin a very low bow;
Their hearts nearly broke, yet none of them
spoke,
And I think they’re standing there now.



HERE stands Mother Tree,
With arms so high;
Well she knows Mr.
Wind
Will soon pass by.
So her little seed babies,
"As still as a
mouse,"
Are tucked in a hard,
dry
Shell of a house.

Mr. Wind passes by
And he shakes the
tree;
Down they come, fall-
ing,
One, two, three;
And rolling and laugh-
ing
They fall on the
ground,
'Till there's millions of
nuts
Lying all around.





FOLLOW YOUR LEADER.

H. GUNTER



HE big and the little and middle-sized Bear,
They put the bear's grease thick on
their hair,
They washed their faces—each of the
three—
And then they went to the Lion's to tea.

The Tiger was there, and the Kangaroo,
The Elephant brought some Snakes he
knew,

And the Panther came with the big
Baboon,

And they danced all night by the light
of the moon.







E'RE spending the day
In the pleasantest way,
With Uncle Eliphalet Brown.
We can run at our ease,
Or do just what we please,
And we never can do that in town.

So Jack brought his
toys,
He's the bestest of boys,
And is making a
fort as you see.

Soon it will be done,
With fort, soldier and gun;
We're as happy as happy
can be.





But, alas for our fun,
See what Carlo has done!

The wretched dog made but one bound,
And the fort that Jack made,
With his pail and his spade,
Was tumbled about on the ground.

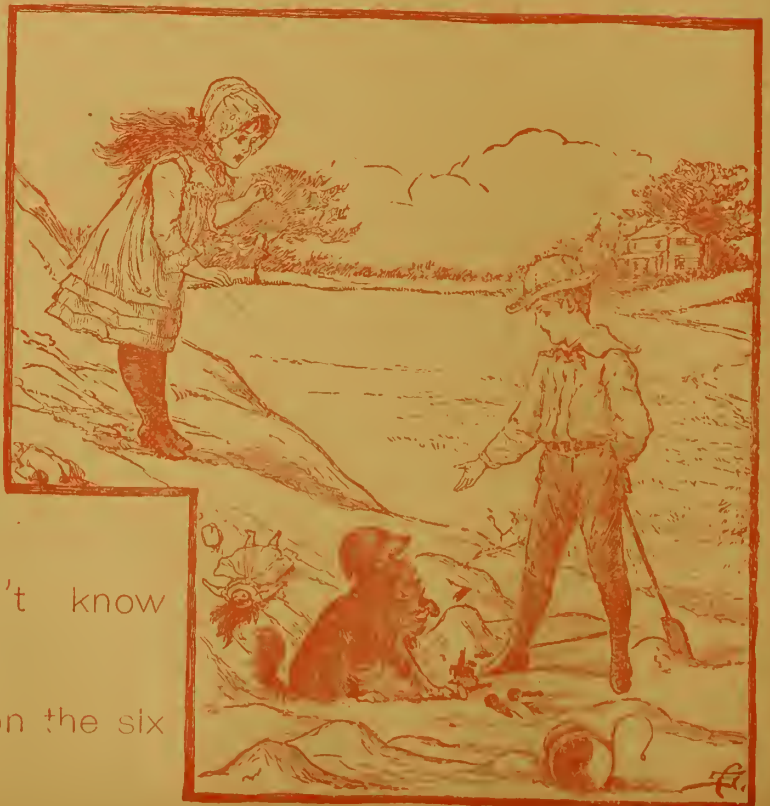
I think we will go
To the house just
below,

For dolly has
had a bad
sprain;

See Jack milk the
cow—

Though he doesn't know
how—

And go home on the six
o'clock train.





OW I'm cross," crowed Sir Speckles

"Do you think it
is right

For hens to be
out

At this time o'
night?

Come straight
up to roost,

This minute, I say,

You have everyone

clucked

Quite enough for

to-day!"





E SEEMS to be several boys in one,
So much is he constantly everywhere!
And the mischievous things that boy has
done

No mind can remember nor mouth
declare.

He fills the whole of his share of space
With his strong, straight form and his
merry face.

The world is needing his strength and
skill;

He will make hearts happy, or make
them ache.

What power is in him for good or ill!
Which of life's paths will his swift
feet take?

Will he rise and draw others up with
him—

Or the light that is in him burn low
and dim?

But what is my neighbor's boy to me
More than a nuisance? My neigh-
bor's boy,

Though I have some fear for what he
may be,

Is a source of solicitude, hope and
joy,

And a constant pleasure; because I pray
That the best that is in him will rule
some day.





ARLO went out to spend the day,
So Monsieur Chanticleer,
Kept house for him, and
that is why
You see him perching here.



J.B. Clark





No!

LITTLE GIRL
YOU
MUST
MARRY

A
RICH MAN +
POOR MAN +
BEGGAR MAN +
THIEF +
DOCTOR +
LAWYER +
INDIAN CHIEF +
TINKER +
TAILOR +
SOLDIER +
SAILOR +
BAGMAN +
RAGMAN
+
YES

YOU
MUST
MARRY

A
R
A
G
M
A
N

Shepherd

THE BUTTON CHARM. — A SAD FATE.



O market, to market,
He went with all speed,
To buy him some carrots,
His bunnies to feed;
Then home again, home again,
Gallop and trot,
And the hungry wee bunnies
A fine dinner got!



P LENTY of water you
must give
To any plant you
want to live;
But from the poor plant's
way of viewing it,
I almost think you're
over-doing it.





HERE are some silly little girls
Who don't know what to do,
When they attempt to speak a piece—
You've seen them, haven't you?

But if I chance to do real well,
My parents dear will say
That I have tried to please them—
So I'll do my best to-day.





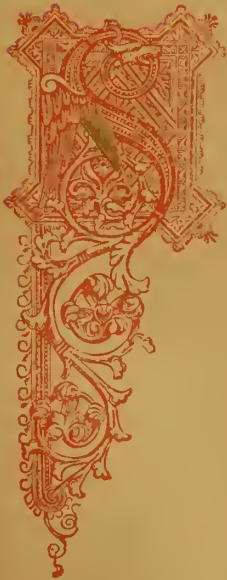
NIMBLE Dick, Nimble Dick, black and tan,
Keep the little rascal quiet if you can.
Here he is—there he is; don't you see
What a busy dog is he?



Coat as sleek as a dandy's clothes,
Proud is Dick of his taper nose.
Here he is—there he is; don't you see
What a busy dog is he?

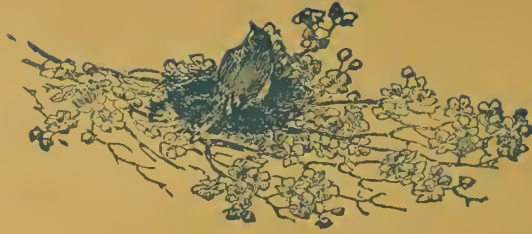


SUMMER FUN.



UCH a happy band are we
As we march, march away!
We've all learned our lessons, so
We've all earned our play!

We often take a tramp
Just as you see us now,
For we all are fine musicians,
Even Toss can sing "bow-wow!"



ALL the birds and bees are singing,
All the lily bells are ringing,
All the brooks are full of laughter,
And the winds come whispering after
What is it the flowers say?
It is lovely May!
The flowers say it's lovely May;
Lovely, lovely May.





DANDELION, dandelion, with your heart of gold,
Don't you know it's April weather, blowing
rude and cold?
Why not wait until sweet May comes with
her smiling grace?
That's the time for you to show your downy,
yellow face.



PLAYING NURSE.



W E need not fear

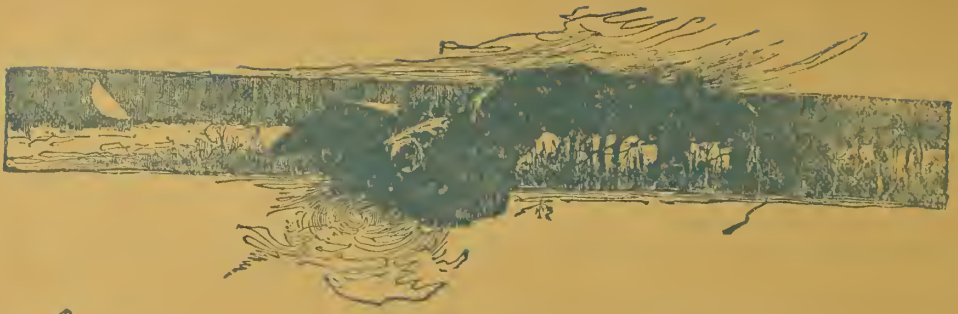
For our darling here,

For dear old Neddy

Is kind and steady.



Wester



"I LIKE to go to Grandpa's farm,"

Said Bonnibel to me;

"There's lots of cows and ducks and hens—

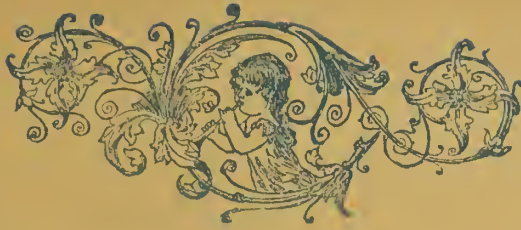
Oh, lots of things to see!

"And lots of nice things, too
to eat,

And lots of milk to drink,
And lots of apples—all I
want—

I'll get one now, I think."





PAIR of gloves? Please take a chair,
Our home-made kids are splendid wear!





TERRIBLE boy was mischievous Dick,
Ripe for all manner of meddlesome trick;
Teasing his sisters and breaking their toys,
Annoying his elders by making a noise,
Apparently thinking it very great fun
To be thought a nuisance by every one





POSITIVE DARLINGS.



GOOD-BYE, my little one, good-bye.
The night has come, the dustman's nigh;
Each little bird has gone to bed,
And 'neath his wing has tucked his
head.

Good night, my sweet, may Angels keep
Watch above you while you sleep.





“ONCE on a time,” said Mama,
“There were two little curly heads—
Both of them tired and sleepy—
They should be in their little beds.”





ERY mischievous you are,"
Cried Mother Pussycat,
"To take your mothers' thread
To play a game like that."



"We're busy, mother dear,"

The little pussies said,

"Making a cat's cradle

For Baby Pussy's bed."

"If you had been good kittens

I was going to take you down

To see the great Regatta

At Periwinkle town"

"Your cousin Tom will be there

And the Cats' Own Minstrel Band—

Their music is just splendid,

The best in Tabbyland."

"You say you will be good?"

Well then, put on your things

We'll hurry off and catch the train,

Come on, both Tib and Jings







THE YOUNG ARTIST



O Blackberry Farm the little folks went,
And O, what a beautiful day they spent;
The little pigs said—"Wee, wee, wee, wee,"
And the ducks thought the farmyard pond
was the sea.

The turkeys gobbled, the horses neighed,
And Tray barked a welcome, while Neddy
brayed.

The geese and the chickens and all the rest—
Oh, the puzzle was which thing they liked
the best.



Little Marjory liked the cows that said "Moo,"
And the doves and the pigeons that sang "Coo-Coo;"
But Baby said, with a sweet little smile,
That she loved the pony they saw by the stile



Dolly liked best the chickens so fluffy and wee,
And the kittens so young that they couldn't yet see;
"Tis a beautiful place," said Baby small,
"And they're all so lovely I like them all."



LASS and silver, plates and knives,
Cups and saucers, too;
Pans and kettles—big and little—
Plenty here to do.

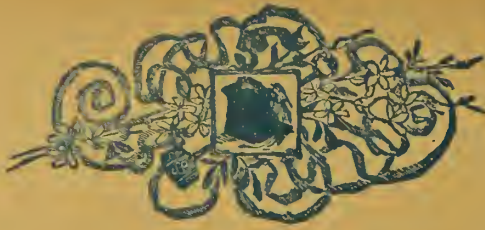


Here comes Kitty with her apron.

Listen! You can hear her say—

“Let me help you with them, Mama!”

That’s our blue-eyed Kitty’s way.



WO pinky feet, wee chubby toes,
A mouth as sweet as any rose;
Fat, dimpled cheek, twin eyes of gray,
That seem to speak in helpless way.

Without the power to tell its need,
Which every hour true love must heed;
Mid smiles and tears and many a mood,
So pass the years of babyhood.



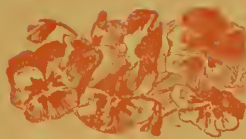


LONG days of sun; short nights of grief;
No fear of woes beyond relief.
In homes of wealth or poorest cot
Life's childhood seems a happy lot.

For thought is rapt
in present things;
Centered on all that
each day brings.
A bright spring life
at school and play,
So passes by glad
childhood's day.







THE little French doll was a dear little doll
Tricked out in the sweetest of dresses ;
Her eyes were of hue
A most delicate blue,
And dark as the night were her tresses.
Her dear little mouth was fluted and red
And this little French doll was
so very well bred
That whenever accosted her
little mouth said :
“Mamma! Mamma!”

The stockinet doll, with one arm and
one leg,
Had once been a handsome young
fellow,
But now he appeared
Rather frowzy and bleared
in his torn regimentals of yellow.



Yet his heart gave a curious thump as he lay
In the little toy cart near the window one day
And heard the sweet voice of that French dolly say:
"Mamma! Mamma!"



He listened so long and he listened
so hard

That anon he grew ever so tender,
For its everywhere
known

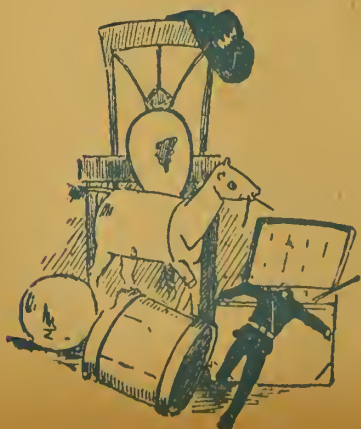
That the feminine
tone

Gets away with all
masculine gender.

He up and he wooed her with soldierly zest
But all she'd reply to the love he professed
Were these plaintive words, which

perhaps you have
guessed:

"Mamma!
Mamma!"



Her mother—a sweet little lady of five—
Vouchsafed her parental protection.
And although Stockinet
Wasn't blueblooded yet
She really could make no objection.
So soldier and dolly were wedded
one day
And a moment ago, as I journeyed
that way,
I'm sure that I heard a wee baby voice
say:

“Mamma! Mamma!”

—EUGENE FIELD.





WASHING brooks and climbing trees,
All day long to do as you please,—
Nothing to do but to run and play;
Isn't this a fine washing day?





SHE WON'T PLAY.



N Sleepy Town

They think a night-cap worth a crown,
And there the law commandeth peace,
And all good people take their ease;
A wise old owl, big-eyed and brown,
He is lord mayor of sleepy town.

In Sleepy Town

The wheels are shod with eider-
down

The pavements all are silk and wool;

The quiet there is

beautiful;

A bumble-bee in

gold-black

gown

The beadle is in

Sleepy Town.





In Sleepy Town

Black shadows never fall or frown,
Nor do they feel the sunshine's glare,
But gentle twilight reigneth there,
While poppy scents blow up and down
The gardens fair in Sleepy Town.

In Sleepy Town

We'll mount a cloud of vapor brown,
We'll close our eyes and fold our hands
And call a wind from distant lands;
O'er valley's and mountain's crown
We'll float away to Sleepy Town.





RED and purple morning glories,
Lightly swaying in the breeze,
You seem filled with fairy stories;
Won't you tell them to me, please?

Little maid, we have no stories,
True or fairy, new or old;
We're but laughing morning glories
For your pretty hands to hold.





CHILDREN'S PICNIC.

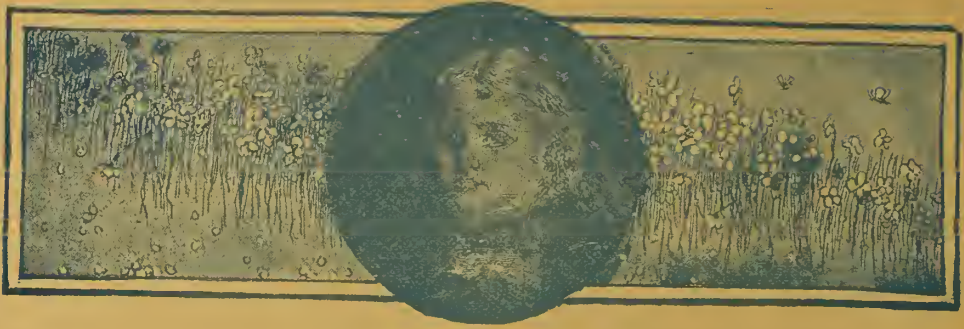


Y little child comes to my knee;
And tugging pleads that he may
climb
Into my lap to hear me tell
The Christmas tale beloved so
well—

A tale my mother told me
Beginning "Once upon a time."

It is a tale of skies that rang
With angel rhapsodies sublime;
Of that great host, serene and white,
The shepherds saw one winter night—
And the glorious stars that sang
An anthem once upon a time.





This story of the hallowed years
Tells of the sacrifice sublime
Of One who prayed alone and wept
While His wearied followers slept—
And how his blood and Mary's tears
Commingled once upon a time



And now my darling at my side,
And echoes of the distant chime,
Bring that sweet story back to me,
Of Bethlehem and Calvary,
And of the gentle Christ that died
For sinners once upon a time.

The mighty deeds that men have told
In ponderous tones of fluent rhyme
Like misty shadows fade away;
But this sweet story bides for aye;
And, like the stars that sang of old,
We sing of "Once upon a time."



ROUND the window, near her bed,
All drowsily hang the roses;
The haze half veils the evening red,
And over the moorland closes.
Too weary is she for task or play,
She only feels that sleep is best;
Since heavenly love with her will stay,
She fears not in the dark to rest



THE GOOD-NIGHT KISS



N the threshold baby stands,
Holding out her little hands
To the great world just beyond,
Just beyond the door.
Ah, that door! It shuts her in
From the pleasures she would win,
And within her baby heart,
She is saying o'er and o'er
That some day she'll ope' it wide
And step forth to see in pride
That great world she longs to see
More and more.





Ah, my baby, in your eyes

I can see the longing rise

That I in my heart have seen

Once before.

Only this:—To step outside,

Join the hurrying human tide

That goes marching daily by

Just beyond the door.

May you find it just as grand

When with them you really charm

As you think it is, my child,

Looking o'er.

May you never wish to be

Just a little child, to see,

Not to do; just to gaze with longing eyes

Just beyond the door.





ALBERT and Teddy—pretty good boys—

When tired of running and making a noise,
Would throw themselves down on the
nursery floor,

To build a big church with an open door.

Now Albert would build it, just as you see,

But Teddy, the rascal, in greatest glee

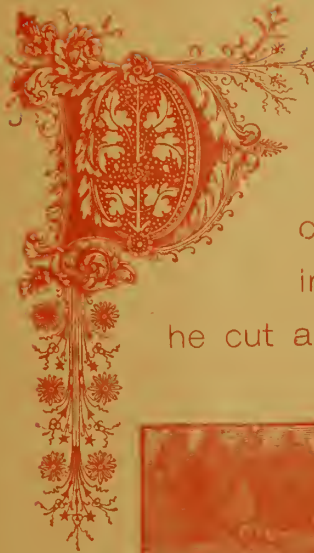
Would push the blocks over to see them fall,

So their steeple never grew very tall.





AN AMBUSH.



DICK went to the country with his mother. There were no children to play with, but Dick soon found something to do. He took a barrel and cut four holes in it, then he sawed a broom-handle into four pieces and put them in the holes. Next, he cut a slit in the side of the barrel, near the top. Into



this he put two sticks which he found in the house. These sticks were each three inches wide and six inches long, and he nailed them together, as you see in the picture. This made him a very good

horse, but one thing had been forgotten, for whoever saw a horse without a tail? One more trip to the house for a feather duster and the horse was complete. The clothes line furnished harness and reins, and as Dick sat on the plow he was as happy as though he



was the owner of a real horse and buggy. At supper time Dick unhitched his horse and put him in the barn, not forgetting to give him plenty of hay and to cover him with a blanket.



STANLEY was very fond of pie, and apple pies were what he particularly enjoyed. On baking days you could generally find Master Stanley in the kitchen watching the making of the pies. From the paring of the apples to the artistic trimming of the crust, Stanley was a very interested spectator and could tell you how many

apples were necessary to the average sized pie. As to the eating of the pie, after it emerged from the oven—hot, delicately brown and tempting—Stanley was fully equal to it, and was never known to refuse a second piece. But pies were not all that Stanley delighted in. With his velocipede or roller skates



this five year old namesake of the great explorer spent a good portion of the day on the smooth sidewalks of the avenue, and take him all around he was a bright, hearty, chubby little fellow. Now Stanley had a sister, Florence, with big eyes and yellow hair. Only three years old was this little girl, but she, too, was fond of the kitchen on baking days, and of her dolly at all times. Very pleasant, too, were the daily romps with her papa, and with her dancing eyes and bright hair streaming out from under her yachtsman's cap, "The Commodore," as she was often called, was as pretty a picture as you would wish to see.

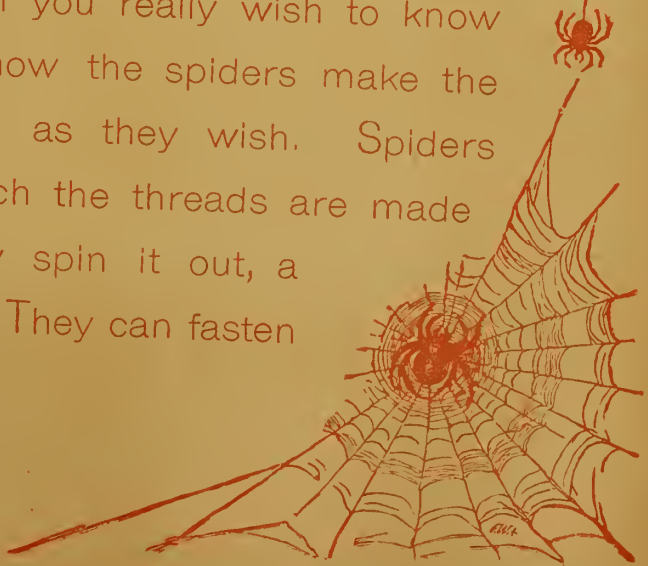




"LICE, come here," said her sister,
"Come here and tell me what
you think of that," pointing as she
spoke to the partly opened window.

"Why, that is a spider's web," said little Alice, "just
such as I saw on the grass this morning when I
went out to pick the roses for you. I wish you
would tell me how the spiders make such beautiful
threads and how they fasten them just where they
wish to. One that I saw this morning reached
from the edge of the pansy bed to the gravel walk,
and a little leaf had fallen in it and was swinging
just as I do in my hammock on the porch."

"Well," said her sister, "if you really wish to know
about it, I will tell you how the spiders make the
threads and fasten them as they wish. Spiders
have the material of which the threads are made
in their bodies, and they spin it out, a
single thread at a time. They can fasten
it to the grass, or to the
window, or wherever they
like, because it is 'sticky'



as you say when you put pictures in your scrap-book with mucilage. The spider drops, with his head downward, spinning out the thread as he goes, and when he sees the



place where he wishes to stop, he begins to swing back and forth until he touches the spot and fastens the other end of the thread. Now that he has a rope on which to

travel, he patiently climbs to the top and begins spinning threads again. When enough of these are in place, he crosses back and forth, around and around, making the web thicker in the centre. "But why does he do all this?" cried Alice. "So that some fly or other insect may be caught in the web," replied her sister. "That is the way he gets his food. Just think, Alice, what a wonderful piece of work a spider's web is and how strong the threads must be to support the spider as he works."





THE RABBITS' HOME

“**H**,” said Helen, as she found her little brother Frank one day alone in the pantry, “what are you doing and how did you get in here?” “I found the key,” said Frank. “And what are you doing?” “Tasting everything I can,” said her brother. “I have tried all the jam and jelly, and I have eaten two biscuits and five figs and a piece of cake and some gingerbread and—” “Oh, you mustn’t,” cried Helen. “What makes you such a naughty boy? You will be sick.” “No I won’t,” replied Frank, helping himself to another piece of cake. “You certainly will,” said Helen, “and what a foolish boy you are, when you know you can have all these nice things at your birthday supper to-night. Come right away with me.” “I’m going to have some mince pie first,” said Frank. “Quick, here comes mother!” cried his sister, and Frank hurried away. It was not long before this boy’s mother found him very sick and he had to take some very bitter medicine, and be put to bed while his little guests enjoyed the good things at the birthday supper.





CAT
TAILS



ROSABELLA is Susie's doll. Santa Claus brought it to her and Susie thought it was the "most beautifullest dolly that ever was." One day when Rosabella was standing all alone on a table, the wind blew her down and broke her head. Brother Tom stuck the pieces together with cement, so the break could not be seen. Then Fido chewed her arm nearly off, but mamma sewed it up so it would not show when



she was dressed. She has only one foot and most of her hair is gone, but nobody knows about the foot, and as she



wears a hat almost all the time the hair does not show much. Not long ago

Rosabella was sick. Susie gave her gruel and catnip-tea and peppermint candy, but as she did not get better, called in "Doctor Tom." He said it was a very bad case.

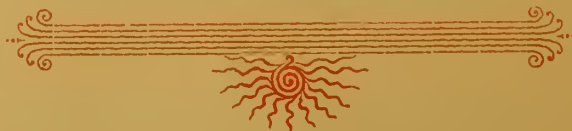
She might have gruel and catnip-tea, but no peppermint candy. Susie felt rather glad

about that, for there were only two pieces left. The next

morning Rosabella was quite well, sitting up as straight as any doll could. "Doctor Tom" had forgotten all about her

and was out playing ball before Susie was dressed and down-stairs. Susie says, "Rosabella has been hurted

so many times that she does not look as well as when she was new, but she is just as good."





IS THERE a girl or boy that does not like candy? Give them a penny and it is hop, skip and jump to the nearest place where it can be exchanged for the coveted sweetmeat. The boy that I have in mind could not walk very well. Something was the matter with one of his legs, but the "doctor man," as he called him, had told the little fellow that by-and-by he could use it as well as the other. Well, this small man would go anywhere on his velocipede. When he came to cross streets or alleys he would jump off and lift it over the

gutters, and I am pretty sure that when he had a few pennies in that wonderful boy's pocket of his there were



few of his mates who could beat him in a race to the corner candy store. If you meet him on the street try it with him some day.

RESTING





A POPCORN PARTY.



"JOHNNY, come here," cried Ralph to his younger brother, "come here and see it snow. We'll only have one session at school and we'll ask mama to let us invite some boys and girls and have a pop-corn party." "Won't it be great," said Johnny, "let's go and find her now." Mama's permission was easily obtained and it was a merry party that gathered in the library around the splendid wood fire that the children were never tired of watching. All hands helped shell the corn, but as Ralph was the oldest, to him was intrusted the responsible position of shaking the corn-popper over the bright coals. Pop, pop, pop! how fast the little hard kernels burst their yellow and red jackets at the funny stories the fire was telling them. Pop, pop, pop! "Quick Bessie, with the pan!" "Isn't it fun!" "Who's got the corn?" "We'll soon have enough to begin on"—and soon the big pan, heaping full, was placed on the table and all gathered around it, not forgetting baby Nell, who with Sir Thomas, the cat, had been as much interested as anyone. Just how much pop-corn six little people could eat I don't know, but you may be sure there was very little left by supper time.



ISN'T IT
NICE



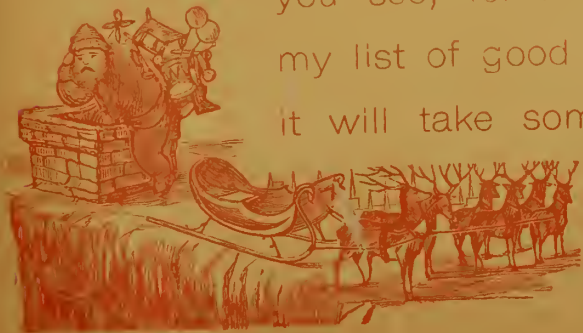
HILIP was the name of the boy, Mattie was the name of the nurse girl, and Mr. O'Houlihan drove the watering cart. Now this was the way it happened: Philip's father, mother, brother and Mattie, of course, were going away for the hot summer months. The trunks were packed and sent down to the boat, and Master Philip, dressed all in white, was put in Mattie's charge. Now this same Philip was rather a lively young man and it was not long before he contrived to get out of Mattie's sight. He looked up and down the village street. No one was in sight but Mr. O'Houlihan, his mules and the watering cart, coming slowly towards him. Phil said to himself, "There is no water coming out of that cart, and it is a good chance to get a ride. I'll do it when it gets past me." Mr. O'Houlihan did not notice that the little man had climbed on behind and

was having an elegant time riding on the wet, dusty sprinkler, for the day was hot and he was drowsy. Something roused him however—I wouldn't wonder if one of the wheels struck a stone and jolted him a little—anyway he started up the mules and pulled the string to let out the water. Well, you should have seen that boy! Mattie had him home in a few minutes, wet to the skin and as dirty as dirt could make him. All his other clothes were in those trunks down on the boat, and it was pretty quick work to get him and his clothes washed, dried and ironed in time to meet his father at the boat, but it was done, and all of them enjoyed the sail.



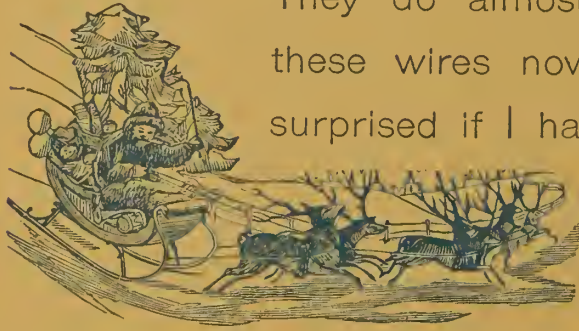


HERE, my dear," said Santa Claus to his wife, "my work for this year is done and I am not sorry." "Did you visit as many children as usual," asked the good woman. "Children!" cried Santa Claus, "there is no end to them. It seems to me that there are more of them every year. If you had not put some extra things into the sleigh I should not have had enough to go round." Now lots of people never think of Mrs. Santa Claus, but if the truth was known she is the one that makes sure that the jolly old fellow has plenty of good things in his sleigh when he starts off on Christmas Eve. "Where did you leave the reindeer this year?" she asked. "Oh, up in Lapland, in the old place. I shall have to get a new sleigh, though; but there will be time enough to think of that after I take a six months' nap. I am not going to sleep quite so long as usual this time, you see, for I must be very particular about my list of good and bad boys and girls, and it will take some time to get it just right."



"What is the matter with the sleigh?" asked Mrs. Santa Claus. "Oh, it got caught

in a lot of wires on top of a big house as we were coming along to-night. These wires in the cities are getting dreadfully thick, and I have to be very careful about them.



They do almost everything by the aid of these wires now-a-days, and I wouldn't be surprised if I had to use them in my business before many years. Well, I'm off now for my nap. Won't there be lots

of happy little folks to-morrow morning! And say, if you see Jack Frost, ask him to have the weather just right for skating and coasting."



A LITTLE HARVESTER





MARJORIE'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT



MARJORIE had been promised a Scotch terrier on her birthday, and you may be sure she was up bright and early on that morning. Just as she had finished dressing there was a patter of little feet along the hall, and a scratching at her door, which made her blue eyes dance with joy. A very happy little

girl was Marjorie as she ran down the stairs to thank her parents for the new pet.

See Marjorie and Fido watching papa drive away to the city.



Chasing Butterflies





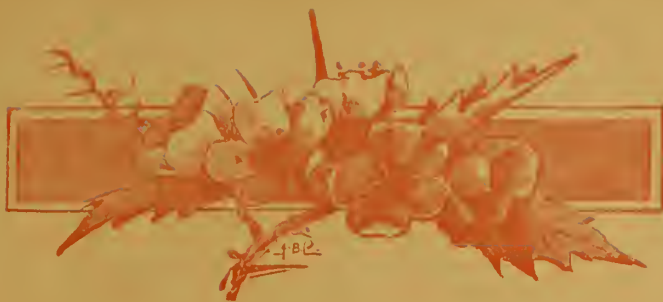
H, BRIGHT is the sun and fair is the day,
Sweetest bird songs are filling the air,
While we listen with patience and try real hard
Not to wish too much for the closing
prayer.



We are surely behaving as well as we can,
And trying to hear all he has to say;
But how can the preacher man talk so long
On such a beautiful Summer day!



A GOOD SISTER



“HALF-PAST ten o'clock,” sighed Polly, “and I’m not nearly finished, though I’ve been working hard all day long.” And Polly hustled here and there, sweeping the steps, dusting, cleaning, rubbing, flying

about from one thing to another—in fact trying to do half-a-dozen things at once; and a pretty state of confusion the room was in in consequence.

The chairs were all lying about, the contents of the dresser drawers had been emptied out on to the floor in seeking a duster, the coal-scuttle had been placed in the centre of the room, tilting on the broom-handle, while the old cat and her kittens were playing hide-and-seek on the chairs and about the room. “There, now, I must begin to clear up,” exclaimed poor Polly,



in desperation, when her eyes alighted on the cat. "Oh!" she cried, "wont I give it to you!" and she seized the broom-handle to carry out her intention, when with a crash over went the coal-scuttle, and its contents were scattered in every direction. This was too much for Polly and she burst into tears, exclaiming, "That's just my luck; I do my utmost and yet everything seems to go wrong." Rat-tat-tat! "Where DID that knock come from?" cried Polly to herself. "Who's there? Come in!" To her surprise and alarm a queer little dwarf, about two feet high, apparently rose out of the floor and came straight to where Polly stood. "Oh dear!" cried Polly, in a dreadful fright, "who are you and what do you want?" "Child," said the dwarf kindly, "I am King Fairy-Hand, and seeing you weeping, I have come to comfort you." "Oh, how kind of you," said Polly, "will you help me to get the place tidy before mother comes in?" "Certainly," said the dwarf, "and you and I will sit and look on." Then as he called, "Servants of King Fairy-Hand, who delight in his command, do your duty, little band!" there seemed to spring from the King's hands five pairs of tiny dwarfs, about four inches high, who at once set to work to clean and tidy the room. Polly noticed that they all worked together at one thing until it was finished, and in a short time the place looked bright and cheerful. "Oh, how quickly they work!" she cried. "Would you like to have a present of a set of my workmen?" said the King. "Yes, yes," said Polly. "But they would not obey me." "But I say they WILL," replied the King, "if you



set to work in the right way." "Oh, do tell me how," cried the excited child, "and I will promise to do just as you tell me." "Now," said the King, addressing the dwarfs, "just tell this little girl whence you come and whom you obey." Then the little men formed a ring and sang:

"Ten little men are we, in busy fingers living,
And we will faithful be, our best work always giving,
To boys and girls and men, who duty try to do;
If you're not lazy then, we'll come with help to you."

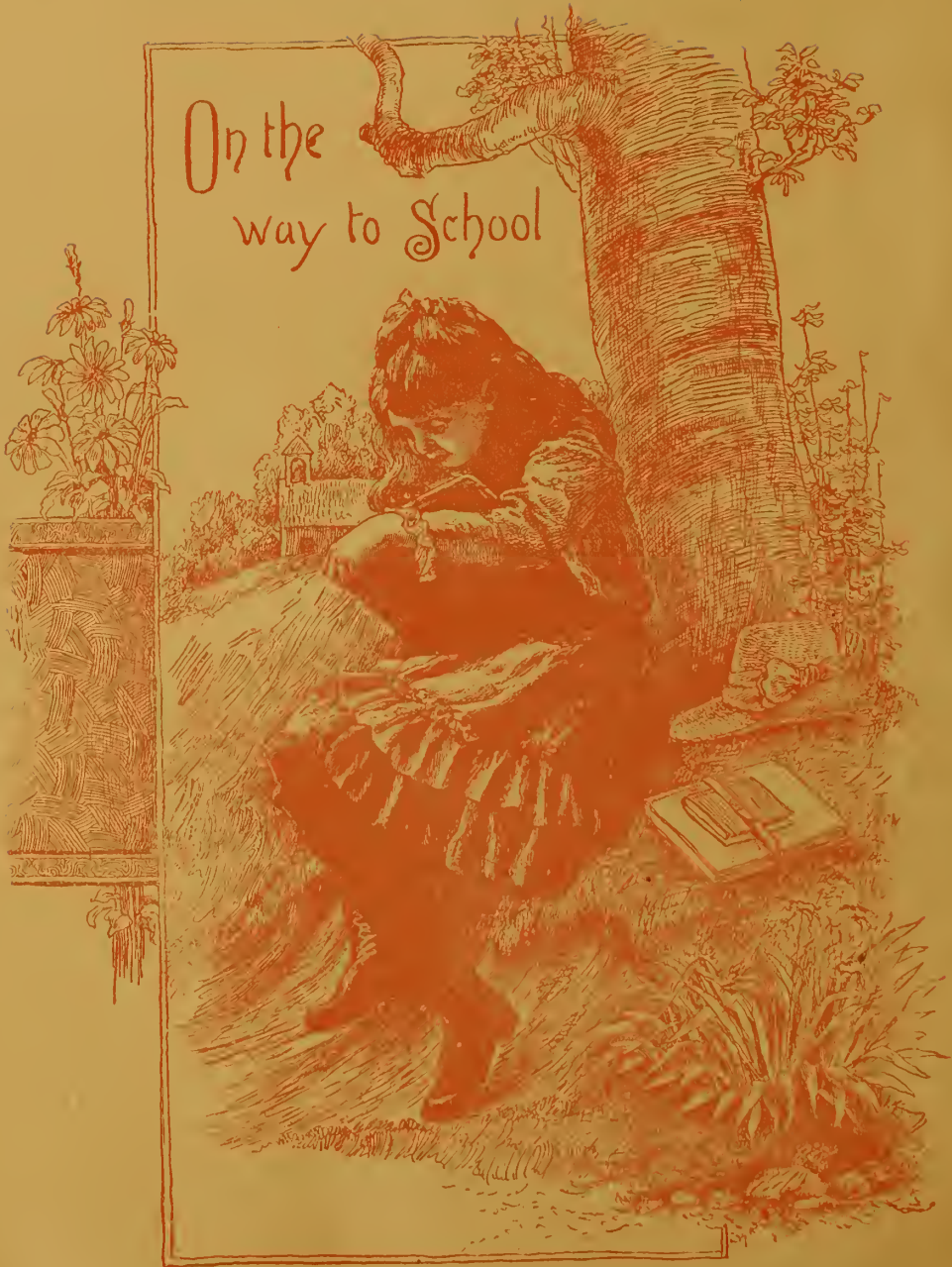
"Polly, child," cried her mother gently, "come, it is time for bed," and Polly awoke with a start to find her mother by her side. Looking around the room, and seeing it in beautiful order, she cried, "Haven't they done everything nicely, mother dear?" "Who?"



said her mother smiling, "I have done the room." "Then," said Polly, "it was only a dream. Oh, I'm so sorry that I have been careless and untidy." "Cheer up," said her mother, "and tell me about your dream." When Polly had finished, her mother said, "Well, child, that is a very funny dream; but if you will try in future to set about your work methodically, and do one thing at a time, your dream will have a good effect."



On the
way to School



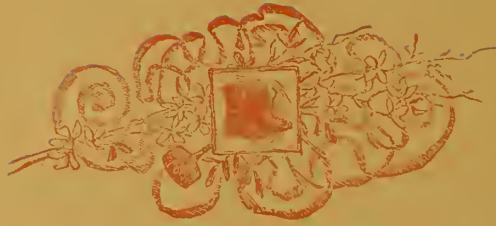


MILDRED had been reading a story about a princess who had only to say "come," and everything she wished for came at once. It was a hot summer day and as she sat under the elm tree thinking over what she would wish for if she had the power of the princess, all at once the garden seemed strange and she heard a voice say "If you take a rose from me, you will then a princess be." She looked up and saw a sunflower growing in a big, green pot and on one of the flowers was seated a tiny fairy, who said, "You can have anything you wish for except one thing. If you wish for that you lose the rose." "And what is that?" asked Mildred. "You must never ask for soap bubbles." "Then I will not," said Mildred. "You will be a princess as long as

you keep the rose," said the fairy. "Good-bye, I must go back to fairy-land." Mildred thought she would try what the rose could do, so she thought of a box of toys, and said, "Rose, rose, bring to me, everything I wish to see." Scarcely had she spoken when she saw on the grass a beautiful box of toys. Every day Mildred asked the rose for something new and every day more beautiful things came until not only her own room, but the whole house was filled with them. Every day she was trying to think of something she had not got, and at last she began to long for soap bubbles, which were the only things she could not have. She could think of nothing else and grew quite sad because she could not ask for soap bubbles. One day she held up the rose and said to herself, "Shall I or shall I not; yes-no, yes-no, yes-soap bubbles. Rose, rose, bring to me, everything I wish to see." But no soap bubbles came and Mildred grew impatient, shook the rose, and again said, "Rose, rose, bring to me, everything I wish to see." Then suddenly the air was filled with soap bubbles, and one bubble, larger than the rest, closed around the golden rose and floated away with it higher, higher,

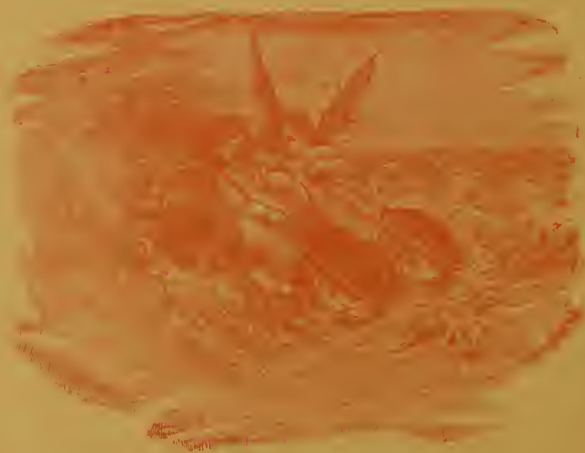
higher, until Mildred could no longer see it. She watched until it was out of sight, and then she stretched out her hands after it, but it was too late. Her rose was gone forever and the fairies came by moonlight and carried away all the beautiful things that the rose had brought. "What a pity," exclaimed Mildred. "What is a pity?" asked her mother. "Why, mother," said Mildred, "I have been asleep and have had such a pretty fairy dream—just as good as a story." Then she told her mother all about it. "Very pretty indeed," said her mother, "and you may learn a lesson from it. People who are always wishing for things and can have almost anything they wish for are not really happier than others. They are almost always discontented with what they possess.





OW, dear little friends

Here our storybook ends,
We have finished the tale of our fun,
So to all I would say;
Play away while you may,
And be happy till playtime is done.



A



A Milk, A Milking, A Milking my maid,
Cow, take care of your heels, she said,
And you shall have some nice new hay.
If you will quietly let me milk away.



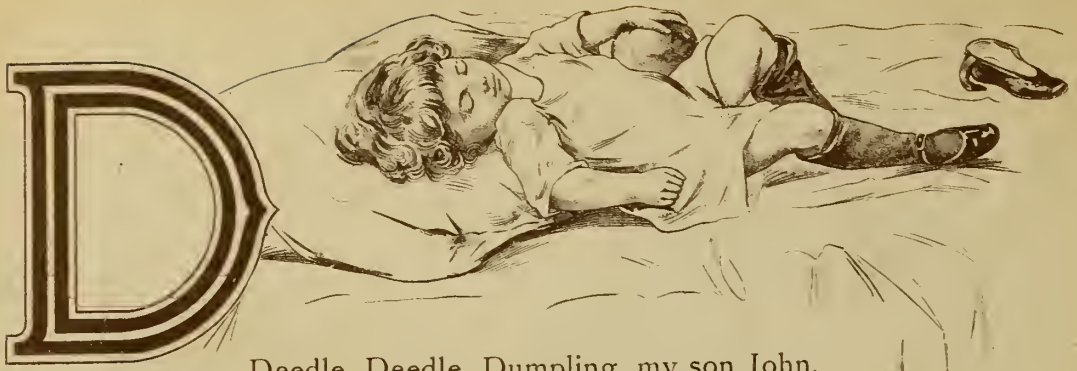
Ba, Ba, Black Sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, sir! Three bags full.
One for my Master, one for
my Dame,
One for the little boy
that lives in the lane.

B

Curly Locks, Curly Locks, will you be mine?
You shall not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine,
But sit on a cushion and
sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries,
sugar and cream.

C





Deedle, Deedle, Dumpling, my son John,
Went to bed with his stockings on,
One shoe off and one shoe on,
Deedle, Deedle, Dumpling, my son John.

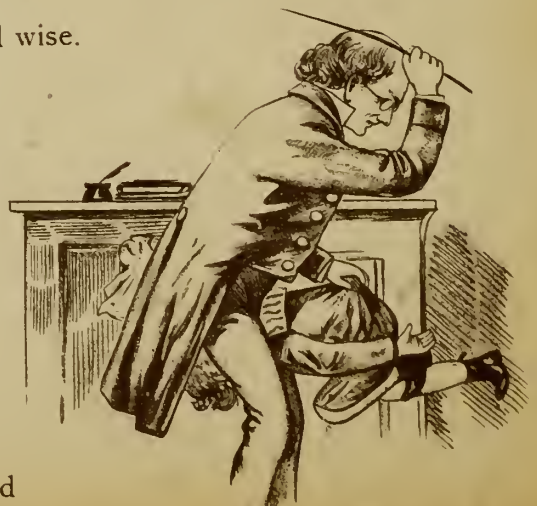


Early to bed, and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy and wise.



Doctor Faustus was a good man,
He whipped his scholars now and then.

When he whipped them he made them dance,
Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipped them back again.



G

Girls and boys
come out to play.
The moon is shining
bright as day.
Leave your supper,
leave your sleep,
And come to your playfellow
in the street.



Come with a whoop and come with a call,
Come with a good will, or come not at all.



H

Handy Spandy, Jack A-dandy,
Loves plum cake and sugar candy.
He bought some at the baker's shop,
And away he went, hop, hop, hop.

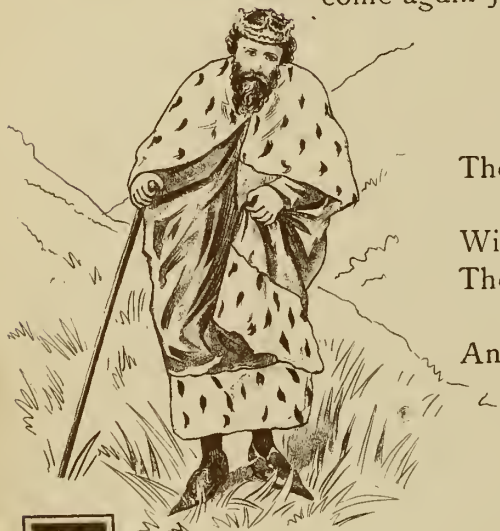
I

I had a little husband,
No bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot,
And there I bid him drum.



J

Two Dickey Birds sitting
on a hill,
One named Jack, the
other named Jill.
Fly away Jack,
fly away Jill,
Come again Jack,
come again Jill.



The King of France went
up the hill
With twenty thousand men,
The King of France came
down the hill,
And never went up again.

K

L

Lady-bird, Lady-bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your
children will burn,
Lady-bird, Lady-bird,
fly away home.



Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and
cockle shells,
And pretty maids
all in a row.



M



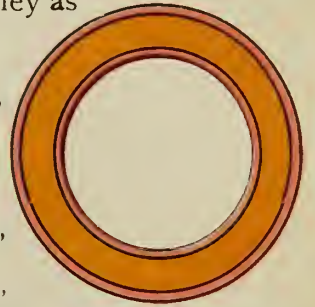
N



There was a monkey climbed a tree,
When he fell down, then down fell he.
There was a crow sat on a stone,
When he was gone, then there was none.
There was a butcher cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, then blood did come.
There was a jockey rode a race,
When his horse ran fast he ran apace.



If I had as much money as
I could spend,
I never would cry
“old chairs to mend.”
“Old chairs to mend,
old chairs to mend,”
I never would cry,
“Old chairs
to mend.”



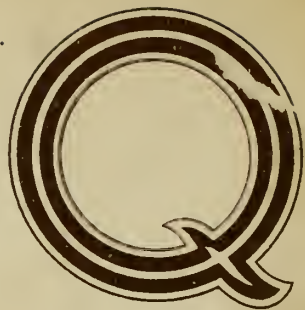
P

Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders,
Warming her little toes.
Her mother came and
caught her.

And scolded her little daughter,
For spoiling her nice new shoes.



Quixote Quicksight
 Quizzed a queerish quid box.
 A queerish quid box
 Quixote Quicksight quizzed.
 If Quixote Quicksight
 Quizzed a queerish
 quid box,
 Where's the queerish
 quid box
 Quixote Quicksight quizzed ?



Robin and Richard were two pretty men,
 They lay abed till the clock struck ten,
 Then up starts Robin and looks at the sky,
 Oh, oh, Brother Richard, the sun's very high,
 You go before with bottle and bag,
 And I'll follow after on little Jack Nag.



Shoe the little horse,
 Shoe the little mare,
 Let the little colt
 Go bare, bare, bare.





Little Tommy Tucker
 Sang for his supper,
 What shall he have to eat?
 White bread and butter.
 How shall he cut it
 Without e'er a knife?
 How can he marry
 Without e'er a wife?

T

U

Upon my word and honor,
 As I went to Bonner,
 I met a pig
 Without a wig,
 Upon my word
 and honor.



When V and I together meet,
 We make the number six complete.
 When I and V doth meet once more,
 Then 'tis we two can make but four,
 And when V from I is gone,
 Alas! poor I remain but one.

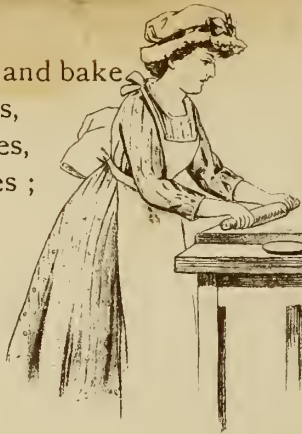


W



Wee Willie Winkle ran through
 the town,
 Upstairs and downstairs in his
 night gown.
 Tapping at the window, crying
 at the lock;
 All the folks must be in bed,
 for it's now ten o'clock.

Dame get up and bake
 your pies,
 Bake your pies,
 bake your pies ;
 Dame get up
 and bake
 your pies,
 On Christ-
 mas-day
 in the
 morning !



X

Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
 Maidens lie, maidens lie,
 Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
 On Christmas-day in the morning ?

Y



Yaup, yaup, yaup,
 Said the frogs, it is charming weather.
 We'll come and sup, when the moon is up,
 And we'll all of us croak together.

Yaup, yaup, yaup,
 Said the frog as he splashed about,
 Good neighbors all, when you hear me call,
 It is odd you do not come out.



Zany, Zany Addlepate,
 Go to bed early,
 get up late,
 Zany, Zany Addlepate.

Z

